

Rollies.

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**1. INT. BEDROOM. MORNING. ESTABLISHING SHOT.**

A young mans bedroom, illuminated by the thin beams of light coming through the drawn blinds. There are clothes strewn across the floor and over the bed. It is the kind of room where an unpleasant odour lingers for eternity. Under the clothes and cover is a young man, HARRY, with a shaggy head of hair and stubbly beard. His alarm goes off and he reaches to the dresser by the bed. The dresser is a mess with an ashtray, butts of cigarettes, empty cigarette packets and a art-figurine.

HARRY reaches from under the covers and turns the alarm off. He feels around on the dresser for a cigarette but only finds butts. He feels for the packet of smokes and a lighter.

He pops his head out of the covers when he realises the packet is empty.

**2. INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE PETE'S ROOM. MORNING.**

HARRY knocks on the door. No one answers. He exasperates and bangs again. There is a noise on the other side of the door, the sound of a grumpy beast stirring.

HARRY slowly turns the handle of the door and leans in.

**INT. PETE'S ROOM. MORNING.**

PETE's room is only slightly cleaner than HARRY's. Again there are cloths strewn across the floor while the walls are adorned with movie posters. There is a slight smokey hew in the air as the door opens. HARRY leans in. He scopes the room but can not see any cigarettes. PETE is laying in bed with a woman. The covers are covering them both.

HARRY  
Pssss... (whispers) Pete?

PETE doesn't wake up but does turn and take the cover of the girl, who is semi nude underneath.

HARRY  
Pete?

PETE's eyes flicker.

PETE  
Uhhh wha-?

HARRY  
Sorry mate, you got um like any smokes?

PETE slowly points at the dresser by the door. HARRY looks at the dresser, pokes around but only finds a pack of tobacco and rizzla. He looks bemused and disappointed by this. He picks it up and tip toes over to PETE in the bed.

HARRY

(Whispers)

Uh mate, do you have any  
cigarettes or just the tobacco?

PETE

Uhh wha-? Uh just the uh thing man.

HARRY

(Whispers)

Just the tobacco?

PETE doesn't reply, he's asleep. HARRY looks disappointed. He slowly walks to the door. He stops. He goes back.

HARRY

Pete?

PETE stirs.

HARRY

Pete can you roll this for me?

HARRY is kneeling next to PETE who is laying in bed. PETE's eyes open, his expression suggests 'fuck off HARRY'.

### **3. INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE PETE'S ROOM. MORNING.**

The door slams shut behind HARRY.

### **4. INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.**

HARRY clears the dresser. He puts the tobacco pack down. He puts the rizzla down. He tries to start rolling up. He fails. He tries again. He fails. He rolls up the worlds worst cigarette and tries to light it but fails again.

HARRY's phone beeps as he's trying to put out the tiny fire started by his rubbish cigarette. He checks it. It reads,

'Yo wanna buy a dog?'

HARRY gets a eureka moment and texts back,

'Defo! Meet at yours?'

The phone beeps again, it reads,

'Y'

**5. EX. ALLEYWAY UNDER THE BRIDGE. MORNING.**

A quiet alley way under a bridge. A young hispanic man is standing there, he looks very suspicious in a comical way. HARRY walks over, he too looks comically suspicious.

HARRY hands him some money, the DEALER hands him a baggy. HARRY looks at it and looks disappointed. The DEALER is about to start walking away.

HARRY

Uhh do you have any pre-rolled joints?

DEALER

What-ch you say little boy?

HARRY is taken aback.

HARRY

Any...you know pre-rolled joints?

The DEALER looks baffled. He takes off his woolly hat.

DEALER

What-ch you say man?!

HARRY looks to the sky and screams.

The end.